Lawrence Democrat.

"CRY ALOUD AND SPARE NOT."

VOLUME VI. LAWRENCEBURG, TENN., FRIDAY, JULY 4, 1890. NUMBER 39.

SLEEP.

I come with footsteps light as shadows fall,
And with soft fingers, tenderer than tears,
I gently droop the curtains, silken fringed,
And vail with velvet mufflers wakeful ears.

I'm no one's foe, but rather, friend to all;
Impersonal my vigils and my care;
The wild beast, well subdued, the timid bird,
Alike my boundless supervision share.

I close the petals of the flowers, while night,
My oft companion—we are sister twins—
With fingers deft and dainty as my own,
Seals fast their satin lids with diamond pins.

I make the aged forget their feebleness,
Their whitened locks, their three-score years and ten,
And over flower-sprinkled hills of youth,
With footsteps young and lithe, they roam again.

I wipe out years of parting, and although
Vast oceans roll between, I blot out space;
Within my happy portals once again
The well beloved with tender clasp embrace.

I give the mother back her long lost child,
E'en though death's valley it has crossed; and I
Cradle the infant; hush its moaning wail,
And, for the mother, kiss away its sigh.

I make the poor to sit at sumptuous feasts;
To drink the wine of life, in purple clad;
Great clusters of hope's roses strew beneath
Their joyous feet, to make them still more glad.

Behind my doors the false again are true;
Old friends no longer meet as bitter foes;
And o'er the wayward one, with loving hand,
Sweet Charity her snow-white mantle throws.

What potency like mine, pain to erase?
I paint new scenes and fancies o'er the spot
Where fever burned; where sorrow wept; and lo!
The nameless grief and pain are quite forgot.

Kings bow to me. If I but touch their heads,
The crown of jewels, set in bands of care,
Drops off—a crown of peace lies there, bestud
With gems whose blissful radiance pass compare.

I calm the restless thoughts and with my breath
I hold the frenzied one serene and still;
I wonder is there monarch in the world
Whose scepter rules more mightily at will?

O! weary world, thy guardian angel I!
I hear thy call and hold thee to my breast;
Untiring, changeless, long as time endures
I'll shelter thee beneath my wings of rest.

—Hannah M. Kohaus, in Inter Ocean.

THE OLD ORCHARD.

Grandfather's Story of the Worthless Fruit Trees.

Never shall I forget how Grandfather Carver looked the afternoon I went to obtain his permission to cut down the old orchard on the hillside. The trees were, perhaps, half a century old, utterly worthless, and James and I were tired of caring for them; but we could never muster courage necessary to plead their downfall with grandfather, who was so particular about having them well looked after.

We often wondered at his strange solicitude for their worthless fruit, and when he insisted upon eating it himself, he became a childish object of our pity.

That day we were discussing their worthlessness, and I expressed a determination to chop the last tree of them down, whether grandfather was willing or not. James protested and argued that perhaps some family secret might be connected with them, and that we had better obtain his permission.

"Well, we can ask him, but I am sure of a refusal," I answered, and started for his seat under the maples, where he was accustomed to spend his afternoons. My heart almost failed me, but I was in an ill mood, and did not give myself time to falter, but stated my errand with as little ceremony as possible.

"William," said he, gravely, laying aside his newspaper and lifting his spectacles to his forehead, "those trees have a history, and must stand till I am laid in my grave. They are of my own grafting and must die with me." As he spoke I looked at the white head and bent form, and thought I heard in his deep, measured tones the prophecy of death. Slowly, however, he continued:—

"You have not many more years to wait till you have my permission to lay them low. The blight is withering their useless branches even as death creeps over my tottering frame. My boys, you are the last of my race. Your parents are sleeping in yonder churchyard, and to you I must tell the story of my apple trees."

James and I forgot our desire to destroy the orchard, and seated ourselves to hear from grandfather's own lips the secret which we had long suspected was locked up in the aged trunks. He hesitated a moment, as if to call in the aid of departed spirits, then slowly proceeded.

"My father came here with a company of immigrants from New England, when the Muskinggum Valley was quite a wilderness, and settled in yonder cove. Another of the company, Stewart Anderson by name, entered this tract of land and built his cabin a few rods from where we are now sitting. That rank grass near the fence marks the exact spot where it stood.

"Neighbor Anderson was a kind old man, greatly beloved by all who knew him, and a particular friend of my father's. He often crossed over to spend a few hours in conversation with him. It was upon this feeble old man that your grandfather and his brother Jacob attempted to play a mean trick.

"My father was one of the first of the company to plant an orchard, and in it grew many grades and kinds of fruit. Some of it was early, some late, some mellow and sweet, and some sour and worthless. The early settlers used to come to him for grafts when they were planting trees.

"One frosty morning in March, old neighbor Anderson came over to get grafts for his trees, and while he warmed at the fire, father sent Jacob and I to get grafting sprouts from the best trees in our orchard. As we went, I proposed to fool the old man by giving him some bastard sprouts from a worthless tree that grew over in the pasture.

"'The old man will think his trees have been bewitched when he comes to gather his apples,' added Jacob, pleased with the idea. 'We'll put an evil spirit in every sprout.'

"It was easier done than either of us imagined. We put the ghost of Falsehood in every graft, and all my life has it haunted me. We tied them in bundles, and labeled them with the names of good fruit, that we might better conceal the demon within them. We carried them to the house, where father and neighbor Anderson still sat, enjoying the cheerful fire that burned brightly upon the hearth.

"When we delivered our grafts, the face of the old man lighted up with hope. He saw not the curse put upon them, but fancied that, through the years, he saw rosy-cheeked apples waiting for the gatherer's basket. He lifted his eyes in thanks, as he uttered his 'God bless you, boys, you shall share with me the fruit of my trees.'

"We did not tarry long, but stole outside and laughed heartily at the old man's promise to share the apples with us. 'We'll be much obliged to him,' said Jacob, 'but I'm afraid they'll be too tough for me.'

"But I soon felt repentant, and as he went trudging home, carefully carrying his worthless grafts, I could not help pitying him. It seemed too late, however, to undo our thoughtless deed, and I tried to quiet my troubled conscience. I looked at his tottering form, and said to myself: 'It makes no difference what we gave him, he will not live to eat fruit from his trees.' Do you believe it, boys, even as I stood ashamed of my own act, those ungrafted sprouts bore fruit, and it tasted of the demon embarked in them.

"For two years neighbor Anderson cared for his orchard, and seemed to take much pleasure in seeing his trees grow firm and strong. When he died, both Jacob and I followed his funeral train, and as we took our last look at the corpse, we fancied we saw on his cold lips the same hopeful smile they wore when he promised us fruit from his apple trees. The hopeful dream of the future that had filled his breast during life seemed not to have departed, but molded itself into an image in the form of lifeless clay.

"When they came to settle up his estate they found a heavy mortgage upon the farm, and when the place was sold my father purchased it, and in his will left it to me. Thus I lived to own the orchard, and eat fruit from the grafts I had imposed upon a harmless old man.

"Now, my boys, I have told you the story of my apple trees, and when I am laid in the grave I wish you to destroy them all, and plant in their stead the best trees that money can buy. You must be patient with them a few years longer, for I have use for them while I live. When selfishness or malice tempts me to wrong another, the ghosts hidden in the trees rustle about among the leaves, and warn me to think anew. When I seek to avoid doing neighborly deeds a voice from the orchard on the hillside breathes into my ear the certainty of my eating the fruits of my own charity. No, boys, I can not let you cut down one tree."

When grandfather had finished his story James and I stole away to our work, leaving him to rest his silver gray head upon his cane, and muse uninterrupted over those early memories that lend the sear days of age the gay colors of youth.

Grandfather Carver has long since gone home to meet "neighbor" Anderson, and share with him such fruits as never grew on earthly trees. The axe has laid low the old orchard, and in its stead are planted trees that bear such apples as fancy pictured to neighbor Anderson long years ago.

His dream has become a reality—has materialized into living trees with root and branch and fruit waiting the gatherer's basket; but after all, they do not satisfy; there is something about them that is wanting. In bearing their loads of fruit they seem to dwarf themselves, and become commonplace.

It may be an idle whim, but memory will have none of them. She still pictures a frail old man going about among the great trunks of aged trees, moralizing over the graver problems of human life, and gathering fruit far more sweet than that now ripening in the sunshine. Men may sorrow over what seem to be the errors of the past, but God lets nothing grow in vain. What we scoff at and call useless, and clear away, makes us better, and he sees in all some purpose, and molds out of it truths that can never pass away.—Milan Still, in Yankee Blade.

AN INGENIOUS TRICK.

How a Tramp Aroused the Sympathy of Two Kind-Hearted Ladies.

He was undoubtedly a pretty seedy-looking specimen of humanity. His dress was ragged—even picturesque. It was made up of samples of morning and evening attire and cast-off portions of the airy costumes assumed by players of tennis and other genteel sports of summer. His whiskers were long, so was his hair; both free and unconfined and exposed to the soughing winds. Sorrow and disappointment had marked him for their own.

He stood on Fifth avenue, near Twenty-third street, and drew from his pocket a bit of sea biscuit, flat and stale, but not unprofitable, as events proved, and placed it in the middle of the sidewalk in plain view of passers-by. Then he drew back and awaited developments.

A number of people—men, women and young girls—passed by, but there was no movement on the part of the seedy one. The time was not ripe. Then two benevolent-looking elderly ladies walked down the avenue arm-in-arm. They were almost stepping on the bread, when the man sprang forward and recovered it almost from beneath their feet. Now, there is nothing that moves a kind-hearted lady so quickly as to see a human being compelled to eat food that to her would be nauseating. One of the ladies took the bread from his hand, but the knowing one pleaded for its return almost with tears in his eyes. The old ladies declined to return the biscuit and threw it away, but they gave its quasi owner some small change, which he received with profuse thanks.

When the old ladies had passed on, the seedy individual again picked up the biscuit and replaced it in almost the same spot. He had worked his little game successfully three or four times, when a policeman brought it to a sudden close.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

A NEWSPAPER'S EXPLOIT.

How a French Reporter Beat His Rivals in a Noted Murder Case.

Two veteran newspaper men, one of whom was formerly connected with the New York Herald bureau at Paris, were talking over old times a few evenings since in the presence of a Tribune reporter. They drifted into a comparison of the work done by American reporters with that done by those on the other side of the Atlantic, particularly in England and France.

A number of brilliant exploits were recalled, notable among them that of a Tribune reporter in meeting a shipwrecked sailor on Lake Michigan, the only survivor of a terrible disaster, and successively keeping him secluded from other interviewers until his story was published in the Tribune. It was agreed that American reporters have a keen scent for news and are more skillful in their methods of getting facts than any of their foreign brethren. "But," remarked the former correspondent of the Herald, "the French reporters are not slow. The feat accomplished by the reporter for a Paris paper at the time of the great Troppmann murder case was agitating France, will compare favorably with any on record. The reporter was sent to Cernay, where Troppmann's father lived.

"Upon his arrival he called upon the Justice of the Peace and the Commissaire de Police, asked them to follow him to the Mairie, took his seat in the Judge's chair, and with unparalleled audacity ordered the Garde Champetre to bring the assassin's father before him The dignity and imperiousness assumed by the reporter repelled any question as to his authority. When the father of Troppmann was brought before him he interrogated him as though officially commissioned to do so. The result was that it was learned that the son had written to the father on the eve of the day of the crime.

"'Monsieur le Commissaire, go to the house of the witness and seize those letters,' commanded the reporter.

"The functionary obeyed and the letters were brought. The reporter found they contained unquestionable evidence of Troppmann's guilt. He copied them carefully but quickly and solemnly. He then handed them to the Justice and told him to seal them and preserve them safely for future use. He put the copies in his pocket and dismissed the court.

"It was now only a little after noon and no passenger train would leave for Paris till evening. That would make the report too late for the next morning's issue of his paper. To make matters worse he met two other reporters who had just arrived from Paris. Then he had to do something to keep the news from them and at the same time escape to Paris. A happy thought came to his rescue. They had not eaten since morning. He told them he, too, was half starved. If they would go to the inn near by and order a good dejeuner with plenty of wine, he would join them soon.

"They were ready to accept the suggestion. As soon as they were out of sight he jumped into a wagon and had himself driven rapidly to the station, where, after much urging and undoubtly some financial persuasion, he succeeded in getting aboard a luggage-train which was about to start. He caught a regular train at the junction some distance from Cerney and reached Paris late at night. The first page of his paper had been made up, but the importance of the news he brought was such that the page was reopened, and the next morning Paris was made acquainted, through one paper only, with the indisputable evidence of the guilt of Troppmann."—Chicago Tribune.

ART IN DUSTING.

A Soft Cloth Is Much Better Than the Ordinary Feather Duster.

It makes one feel pleasant at once to go into a cheerful, tidy room. No matter what the furniture is, no matter if the carpet is old and faded, if the room is nicely dusted, and the air fresh, it makes one feel good.

First and last, a large, soft cloth is necessary in dusting. Begin in one corner and work all around to where you began, taking every chair, table, picture and all woodwork in the path. The windows should be wiped off also. It is not necessary to sweep before dusting, but we should dust every day. A feather duster is not nearly so good as a soft cloth, for by flirting the dust into the air it settles right back, and the room is no fresher than it was before the dusting.

The windows should be opened every day, and fresh air allowed to just fill the room. While dusting it is very easy to put chairs in their proper places, pin tidies straight, put the books in order, wipe off the tablespread and shake the rugs. The whole will not take more than five or ten minutes, and the result well repays one for the slight trouble and exertion.

If cloth furniture is wiped off with a slightly dampened cloth it will be much freshened thereby. There is lots of dust on furniture that would not be noticed. Every thing should be wiped off just the same as though we could see the dust thick. Because we can't see, it is no reason it is not there. Besides all this, the dust can be smelled, and it fills one's lungs by being breathed, and in the end is very bad. A child can be taught to dust well, and it is quite a help to a mother to have the sitting-room or parlor attended to each day, and not having to think of it herself. I once heard a lady say of a little girl: "She is the best duster I ever saw." So I noticed one day, and soon knew the reason. She went over every thing in the room and left nothing.—Boston Budget.

Hints on Selecting Silks.

A soft piece of silk wears better than one possessing stiffness, yet it should not be so limp as to induce the thought that it may melt away. Look for a high and even luster, not a finish that seems brighter in streaks or spots. Observe the weave, whether even or not, as a reliable silk fabric is uniform in this respect, and does not give evidence of "something wrong with the loom." Try crumpling a piece in the hand, and then see if the wrinkles smooth out or remain a standing evidence of the loading with gum. If the silk endures this scrutiny successfully the buyer may rest contented.—Boston Budget.

BEFORE THE WEDDING.

The Thoughts of a Bridegroom While He Is Waiting at the Chancel.

The thoughts of a bridegroom, as he awaits at the altar the arrival of his bride, may be supposed by the romantic to be filled with sublimity and rapture, while, if the truth were known, in most cases they run something like this:

"Now, where's Emily? I thought she was to come in at the church door as I came out of the vestry; of course, brides are generally late, but she made me a promise to be punctual. I don't doubt the best man has got me out here a full fifteen minutes too soon. That is what the matter is; well, at least, he has got to stand it as well as I.

"What a lot of people! all looking at me, of course, to see how I appear! I declare, I have a lively feeling for the lion in the circus show.

"There, I caught Mrs. Blenkinsop's eye; I suppose I mustn't bow. But where the deuce am I to look and not catch people's eyes? Emily, Emily, the first thing I do after we're married will be to teach you punctuality. I think it must be twenty minutes since I came out here.

"There's an awful draught, from the vestry door, and there is the best man sneezing. Hang it! what does he do that for? Every one is laughing.

"Seems to me the people are smiling at me, too. I wonder if there is any thing wrong about me? My collar is awfully uncomfortable; perhaps it has got unbuttoned behind, and is riding up over my coat. I don't like to put up my hand and feel; I'll nod my head, and perhaps the darned thing will settle into place.

"Gracious! there is Mrs. Blenkinsop nodding, too; she thought I bowed to her this time. Heavens! if Emily don't come in about a second, I shall begin to wish I had never started to go through this sort of thing.

"There's Rose Mathews; I used to be a good deal of spoons on her once; see her laugh! Of course, it is at the figure I cut up here; now she is whispering—She is looking mighty pretty; I wonder if she would serve a man this way?

"What in the world shall I do with my hands? The best man has his behind him; it looks rather easy and graceful. I'll try that; but, here, we can't stand here just alike, like the Siamese twins. The rector has his hands clasped in front; I'll see how that goes; it won't do, it's more awkward than ever.

"No Emily yet! I'll read over the commandments behind the altar. Well, I shall break the third one in just a minute; and as for the fifth, I certainly shall not honor my parents-in-law for bringing Emily up no better than this. I'll read the fourth; it's a long one, and will distract me quite awhile. (Best man pinches him.) What under Heaven is the matter? Oh, the bridal party at last! Now, if I don't mistake one of the bridesmaids for the bride!" (But he doesn't, and the service begins.)—Puck.

CURING BOW LEGS.

A Treatment Which Effects a Cure Almost Without Fail.

The Home-Maker tells an incident of a Mrs. Bassett who had twins, three-year-old boys, but who were bow-legged. She consulted a doctor, and asked if she must put their legs in irons.

"Irons!" shouted the doctor. "Fiddle-sticks! Take off their shoes and stockings. Their muscles have probably been cramped and weakened already, and irons will only increase the trouble. Off with their shoes."

Another suggestion of the doctor was to let the boys walk up hill, and when they could not be out of doors, to have an inclined plane arranged in the house for them to practice on. In the effort to walk up a steep incline one naturally throws the feet outward. After some months' treatment of this sort the boys' legs straightened and their muscles grew strong. It was learned by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children that a baby-girl just beginning to walk was toddling around in her little bare feet, and a committee visited the mother.

"But does your baby actually go barefoot, too?" asked one of the visitors.

"Yes. She has never worn a shoe in her life. When she goes out for an airing she wears warm woolen socks, for until she can walk she can not, of course, take sufficient exercise to keep her feet warm. But in the house she is barefooted as the boys. She is just beginning to get on her feet, and her little bare toes are almost as useful to her as fingers. They have saved her many a fall."

One of the members of the committee was the wife of a shoe dealer, she sat aghast. "But do you never intend to have your children wear shoes?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, when I feel quite sure that the muscles of their feet and ankles are strong enough to endure them, but the moment they begin to indulge in that hateful abomination of toeing in, off they come again until the difficulty is remedied."

The society decided not to interfere, and the campaign against bow-leggedness continues.—Boston Budget.

A Prodigy of Memory.

Prof. Henkle, writing in the Journal of Speculative Philosophy, makes mention of a remarkable character whom he met at Salem, Mass., in 1869, Daniel McCartney by name. McCartney was fifty-one years of age at the time, but proved to the satisfaction of Mr. Henkle that he could remember where he had been, the state of the weather, etc., for each day and hour since he was nine years old; dates covering a period of forty-two years! These remarkable feats were proved and verified by weather records and newspaper files kept in the city, and of the hundreds of tests resorted to to try his powers he never failed of proving himself a wonder of wonders in a single instance. This prodigy of memory worked at the Salem Republican office, and naturally one would think him able to furnish brains for half a dozen papers, but, on the contrary, they could make no use of him whatever, except to turn the press twice each week.—St. Louis Republic.

HISTORY OF CLOCKS.

An Industry Introduced into England by Three Dutch Mechanics.

The introduction of clocks into Great Britain we apparently owe to the Dutch. In 1368 Edward III. granted a license for three mechanics to come over from Delft in Holland, permitting them to pursue their trade in England, also for the education of mechanics in our own land, whereby they might be initiated in the art by the more skillful aliens. The oldest known clock in England is one which is fix in a turret at Hampton Court. It was constructed, and there fitted up, by command of Henry VIII., in the year 1540. From the period of their introduction down to the reign of Elizabeth they were called orloges and horologes. Until after the Restoration, clocks found their patrons only in London and other large towns, for, in country houses, up to the date mentioned, the "ancient sun-dial" held its own.

Amongst remarkable public clocks, there are two which stand foremost—those of Lyons and Strassburg. They are well worth attention, partly on account of their curious workmanship, and partly on account of richness of ornament and originality of design. In the former, two horsemen, fully armed *cap-a-pie*, encounter in deadly combat, as it were, and beat the hour upon each other's armor. Then a door opens, and an image of the Virgin, bearing in her arms the child Jesus, steps out. She in turn is followed by the magi, with retinue marching "all in good order;" presenting their gifts, heralded by trumpets, which continue to breathe forth from their brazen throats while the procession is in movement. The scene which the Strassburg clock presents is as follows: At each hour, as the clock goes round, there is a cock which claps its wings; again, in this, a door opens, and an angel appears, who salutes the Virgin, then the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove descends and alights upon the shoulder of the Virgin.

About sixty-five years ago the East India Company presented the then Emperor of China with two time-pieces, manufactured by English artists. They were of the finest workmanship that was ever executed. They were of similar design, and so it is only needful to describe one of them. It was in the form of a chariot, which was of solid gold. A lady is seated, in a languishing attitude, leaning her right hand on that side of the chariot. In the center of the same side is set the clock itself, with its face outwards, and which is no larger than a shilling. It strikes and repeats, and, upon being wound up, goes for eight days. A bird, which is almost completely made up of diamonds and rubies, rests upon the lady's finger. At striking time it flutters its wings for several minutes. It is something less than the sixteenth part of an inch from the tip of its bill to the extremity of the tail. Inside its body are contained some of the works which animate it. In her left hand the lady holds a golden tube which is little thicker than a large pin, and upon the top of which is fixed a small round ornament of the size of a sixpence. As long as the clock continues to go, this ornament moves round with a regular perpetual motion. The top of the ornament is studded thickly with precious stones, as is the whole chariot. Above the fair occupant's head is a sort of canopy, under which is placed a bell. To the inquisitive eye the bell reveals no apparent connection with the clock save as an ornament. But there is a secret communication between the two. At the hour, from under the shade of the canopy there descends a hammer, which strikes smartly and sharply against the mellow-sounding bell. This performance can be repeated at pleasure, simply by touching a catch in the form of a minute diamond button. The chariot can be set in motion by the couching of a spring, and will run in either a circular or a straight direction. As it moves, there are two birds with appear as if flying in the air.—Chambers' Journal.

TOOK HOWELLS' ADVICE.

She Said the First Thing That Came Into Her Head.

Women as a rule do not enjoy Mr. W. D. Howells' minute vivisection of their peculiar little idiosyncracies and weaknesses. They object to the women he depicts on general principles. As one of them expressed it the other day: "There may be and undoubtedly are exactly such tiresome women in the world as he gives us, but I should avoid them in life if I encountered them, and object to being bored by them in books. It may be interesting to people to read three-page treatises on the way a woman drops her shears when she is sewing, but it isn't to me. I would rather read of the exceptional woman, if there is one, who didn't drop her shears, for I might learn from her."

Doubtless the writer's fair critics will be interested in the discomfiture he may have experienced from this little incident. It was at a great dinner in Boston, and a well-known woman writer sat beside the novelist. Some one called on her for a speech, and, womanlike, she refused to respond.

"O, you must say something," Mr. Howells insisted. "Get up and say the first thing that comes in your head."

The lady rose at his instigation and said slowly: "I can't make a speech. I never could; but Mr. Howells told me to say the first thing that came into my head, and so I will say, Mr. Howells, where in the world do you find the perfectly atrocious women you give us in your books?" and, under cover of the laugh which followed, the embarrassed lady escaped.—Chicago Tribune.

—Parisians were lately treated to a rare effect of mirage. The Eiffel tower was seen surmounted by an inverted image of itself, vertical in the heavens and looking like a duplicate continuation of the real structure. The base of the image lost itself in the upper mist, while behind the tower was a low cloud which gleamed like silver. The sun was shining across the haze to the left of the tower and contributed an additional effect of light and shadow.

—Speaking of brief names, there is a family in France named B, one in Belgium named O, a river in Holland called the Y and a village in Sweden named A.

POP WAS UNLUCKY.

He Went Out to Drop Smith, But Smith Dropped Him Instead.

At about three o'clock in the afternoon I came along to a Kentucky "squat," which differed from a hundred others only in the fact that a woman and boy sat on a log in front of the opening in the brush fence, which might be termed the gate, and because six dogs were lying in the sun instead of the usual three or four. I asked after the man of the house, and the woman replied:

"He un hain't home just now."

"Be back soon?"

"I reckon. He 'un has gone down the road a piece to drop that Dave Smith."

"To what?" I asked.

"To drop Dave Smith."

"Do you mean he has gone to shoot Smith?"

"Sartin. They 'uns has bin wantin' to pop at each other fur a long time."

"Thar she clatters!" shouted the boy as the report of a gun reached our ears, and he was off down the road like a deer.

"Reckon the ole man dropped him," calmly observed the woman as she went on with her work of patching an old woolen shirt.

I expressed my unbounded surprise at this sort of man-hunting, but she said it was one of the customs, and had to be lived up to. In about ten minutes the boy reappeared, and, sitting down on the log to get his breath, he said:

"Pop's a-coming."

"Drop Smith?" she queried, without even looking up.

"No; Smith dropped him. Pop's got buckshot in the shoulder. Better git things ready."

"Reckon I had, Jim," she shouted, getting up, she folded her work and moved into the house without the least sign of excitement. A few minutes later the husband came up at a slow walk, with the fresh blood dripping from his shoulder, and halted long enough in front of me to say:

"Evening to you, stranger. Sort o' make yourself to home. I went out to drop Smith, and the ornery varmint was waitin' behind a bush and dropped me. Git the blood washed off and the shot picked out, and we'll hev a visit. You, Jim, take his knapsack and show him whar' to wash up."—N. Y. Sun.

BOBBY ON "JOMMETRY.

The Secrets of an Obstruse Science Described in Lucid Terms.

Jommetry is a study witch treats—an a mighty dry treat it is—of dividin up surfaces. On the first page is axums. A axum is a thing you can guess without askin, or see without lookin, as. A elefunt is bigger than a rat. Only they don't have any animals in jommetry, and that's why it's so stupid. One of the easiest axums to remember is—"A strate line is the shortis distance between two points."

This is pretty true, but it depends on how the walkin' is, and on what lays between the two points.

There is two kinds uf Jommetry—plain and solid. Plain jommetry is any thing but plain; but solid jommetry is orfully solid.

Figgers come next. They have sides and angles, like old maids. A square is a figger with four ekal sides and four ekal angles. The angles are called right angles, because you generally make them wrong.

A triangle has three sides, and comes to a point. I always come to the point when I want money for shootin crackers an so on; and then mother tries anglin for me with her slipper, or her hairbrush, witchever is handiest.

After awhile you learn theeorems. You draw lines, drop perpendiculars, and all that. Every thing is A. B. C. and D. E. F. One of the first you learn is that a strate line drawn through two parallel lines cuts them at the same angle.

It looks easy, but it's no fool of a job to prove it. By and by you learn about the square on the hippopotamus of the right angled triangle, otherwise known as the pawns as honorum. (Them last three words is Latin.)

Solid jommetry is more interestin than plain jommetry. It is fun to make cubes an pollygones out of pasteboard and gum arabic. It keeps you so busy you can't run errands; an' the boxes is jus' the thing to keep flies in. I see Billy Adams outside with a stray dog, an' I guess I'll go out an' chin him awhile.—Jonas Longlow, in Santa Claus.

Bound to Stay.

"There is one solace left me at least," remarked the old farmer. "After all my boys leave and and go up to the city, after the pigs and the cattle die, and every thing else forsakes me, there is at least one thing that will stick to the old farm."

"And that is—?"

"The mortgage."—Lawrence American.

Remarkable Woman.

Kajones—To-day is my thirtieth wedding anniversary.

Kersmith—Wife still living?

"Yes."

"Lived with you all that time?"

"Certainly."

(Admiringly)—"What nerve that woman must have!"—Chicago Tribune.

Legislative Custom.

Anxious Tailor: By the way, Senator, how about that little bill of mine?

Solemn Statesman: In splendid shape, my dear sir; I will pass it to a third reading next week.—Jury.

A Good Reason.

"I do not like the way you speak of this paper," said the editor. "Why do you persist in calling it a sheet?"

"Because so many people sleep over it."—Munsey's Weekly.

—A reporter found a "stamp fiend" gloating over some rare envelope stamps of the issue of 1870. The stamps—five in number—were sent to Muskegon, Mich., by an agent, their value being $17.50. A 30-cent stamp was quoted $3.50, a 15-cent stamp at $3, a 24 and 90-cent stamp at $4.50 each and a 12-cent stamp at $2.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—The revision of Luther's translation of the Bible, which for twenty-five years has occupied the time of eminent German scholars, is about completed. The first official edition will be printed in Halle.

—Two thousand five hundred native Christians of Canton have addressed an open letter to the Christian churches of England, imploring them to be active in securing the overthrow of the opium traffic.—Union Signal.

—As the result of a recent revival in Turkey more than eight hundred converts are reported. The gains in that part of the mission field this year promises to outnumber those of last year by thirty or forty per cent.

—One of the most striking Christian enterprises in Japan is an orphan asylum started two years ago at Okayama by a medical man and his wife, in imitation of George Muller. Its home is in a Buddhist temple and it has now fifty-five orphans.

—Character-making is that to which we are all devoted, or ought to be, and it is the very noblest devotion that can possess us. No man can do for himself a work having in it so much of the heavenly as that which brings him into the likeness of his Saviour.—United Presbyterian.

—It is stated that the Indians of the Tongue River Agency thinks that a Saviour is shortly to appear among them. They think he is white and that he is somewhere in the mountains. They believe that when he comes he will destroy the whites and ask all the Indians to give up firearms and use only bows and spears.

—Portions of the Bible are to-day translated into twenty-five times as many tongues as were heard on the day of Pentecost. During the present century alone it has been put into 250 languages—five times as many as during the preceding eighteen. More copies were sent into circulation last year than existed in the whole world at the beginning of the century.

—At a recent meeting of Congregational ministers in Chicago, it was unanimously voted that Drs. Williams and Noble should prepare an appeal to American churches for an annual subscription of $10,000 for aggressive work in France. This work is to be done under the control of the France Evangelical Societies, of which Prof. L. J. Bertrand is now the representative in this country.

—Less than one hundred years ago was organized the first Protestant Foreign Missionary Society. Now there are more than 200 such societies. These have a force of more than 7,000 missionaries and assistant missionaries, and more than 35,000 native helpers, of whom 3,000 are ordained. Thirty years ago there was not a Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in America. Now there are thirty-nine, with 25,000 auxiliaries, more than 8,000 children's bands, and an aggregate income of more than $1,730,000.—Advance.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—To know how to be silent is more difficult and more profitable than to know how to speak.

—The trouble with cheerful people is that their cheerfulness is so hard to snub.—Atchison Globe.

—There was never a crank born that a shrewd worker didn't turn "it" to his own uses.—Ashland Press.

—Suspicious people torture themselves while those they are afraid of are calmly sleeping.—Milwaukee Journal.

—A man is known by the company he does not keep, in a measure, as well as by the company he does keep.—N. O. Picayune.

—The human heart is like a featherbed. It must be roughly handled, well-shaken and exposed to a variety of turns, to prevent it becoming hard.

—Timidity creates cowards and never wins success. It is a strong and abiding faith in one's own ability to perform which overcomes difficulties that others think can not be surmounted.

—The truest successes in life are not those into which people fall by accident, or those which they win by a single bold stroke, but those into which they grow by a slow and sure unfolding of capacity and power.

—In all our active service we do best when working in company with our friends. Retirement is necessary, but coming out from it to be "workers together," is the rule of our efficiency.—United Presbyterian.

—The hours we pass with happy prospects in view, are more pleasing than those crowned with fruition. In the first case, we cook the dish to our own appetite; in the latter, nature cooks it for us.—The Household.

—It is the perversity of human nature that makes the things of mortality dearer to us in proportion as they fade from our hopes, like birds, whose hues are only unfolded when they take wing and vanish amid the skies.—Owen Meredith.

—The stranger who insists on giving you his confidence, either takes you for a fool and is trying to play on your credulity, or else he wants to warm himself at a fire kindled by his own vanity, and for which you furnish the fuel.—Opie P. Reid.

—A rich man is he who lives upon what he has, owes nothing and is contented, for there is no determinate sum of money, no quantity of estate that can make a man rich, since no man is truly rich that has not so much as perfectly satiates his desire of having more; for the desire of more is want, and want is poverty.

A Curiosity.

Polite clerk (showing goods)—Here is something I would like to call your attention to, lady. It's the very latest thing out.

Mrs. Rounder (absently)—If there's any thing out later than my husband I'll take it, if only for a curiosity.—Life.

Had Learned the Motto.

Teacher (in spelling-class).—Johnny, spell fail.

Johnny.—I can't.

Teacher.—You can't spell that simple word? Why not?

Johnny—'Cause there's no such word as fail.—Lippincott's.